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CAPTAIN SCIENCE

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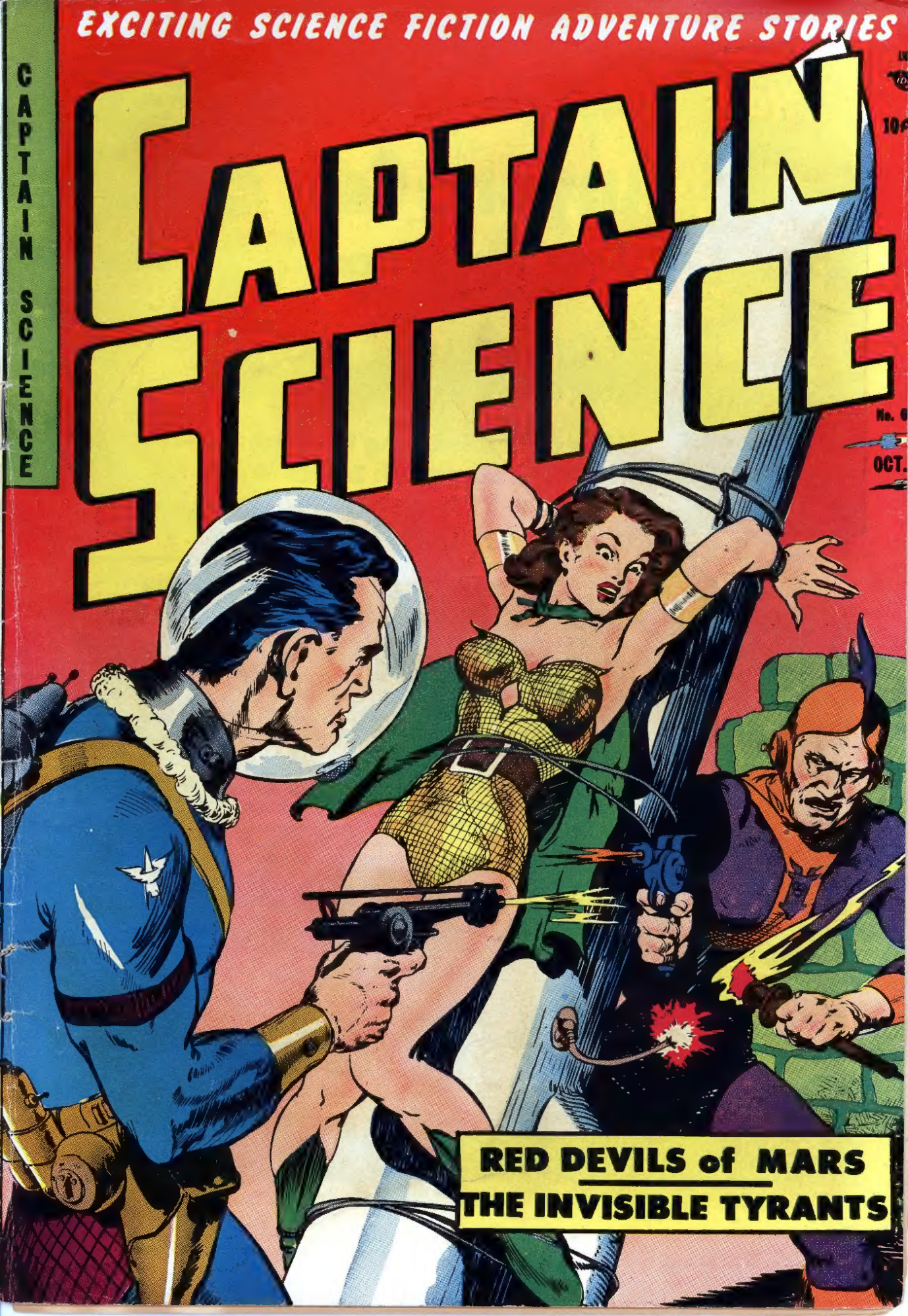

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CAPTAIN SCIENCE

FROM THE DISTANT *MILKY WAY*, FAR BEYOND OUR SOLAR SYSTEM, CAME A DEADLY TERROR THAT THREATENED TO DESTROY LIFE ON THE PLANET EARTH. ONLY CAPTAIN SCIENCE, DARING SOLDIER OF SPACE AND POSSESSOR OF SUPER-KNOWLEDGE FAR BEYOND HIS TIME, COULD SAVE THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD AND END THE IMMINENT INVASION FROM SPACE BY THE EVIL *"SPAWN OF PATHOR"!*..

THE TINY PLANET OF PATHOR, SOLE SATELLITE OF A DYING SUN IN THE MILKY WAY...

AS YOU KNOW, OUR SUN WILL EXPLODE WITHIN SIX DANS.* THAT MEANS THE END OF PATHOR. THE TIME HAS COME TO LEAVE.

WHAT ARE THE PLANS OF THE COUNCIL OF SCIENTISTS, HASTUS?

WE HAVE MADE PREPARATIONS TO GO TO A PLANET IN ANOTHER SOLAR SYSTEM. IT IS CALLED EARTH.

GOOD! WE WILL *WIPE THEM OUT* AND TAKE THEIR WORLD OVER. NONE CAN WITHSTAND OUR WEAPONS.

*DANS: EQUIVALENT TO EARTH MONTHS...

NO! WE SHALL MIGRATE PEACEFULLY. WE SHALL TEACH THE INHABITANTS OF THIS PLANET WHAT WE KNOW. WE ARE FEW AND THEY ARE MANY. WE HAVE NO RIGHT TO TAKE THEIR PLANET.

WE THOUGHT YOU *SCIENTISTS* WOULD WANT THAT. BUT WE *FIGHTERS* THINK DIFFERENTLY. IN SPITE OF WHAT YOU SAY, WE WILL CONQUER THE EARTH!

NO!

WE DON'T NEED YOU ANY LONGER, SCIENTISTS! WE WILL WIPE YOU OUT, TOO!

FLEE FOR YOUR LIVES!

IT IS TOO LATE. NONE OF YOU WILL ESCAPE! BLAST THEM!

EEY!

AAAH!

I MUST GET AWAY!

ESCAPING BY THE SKIN OF HIS TEETH, HASTUS MANAGES TO REACH HIS SECRET LABORATORY...

WIPED OUT! ALL GONE BUT ME! I MUST TRY TO WARN THE PLANET EARTH. PERHAPS SOMEONE WILL RECEIVE MY MESSAGE...

THROUGH SPACE SPEEDS THE MESSAGE... AND THOUSANDS OF LIGHT YEARS AWAY IN THE HIDDEN LABORATORY OF GORDON DANE, KNOWN AS CAPTAIN SCIENCE, AN ALARM SOUNDS...

GORDON! LUANA! THERE'S A MESSAGE FROM THE *ROBOT BRAIN!*

TUNE IT IN, RIP!

I'M COMING!

BRRRIING

EARTH IS TO BE ATTACKED BY ALIEN BEINGS FROM THE *MILKLY WAY*. A WARNING IS BEING SENT FROM THE PLANET PATHOR.

HAVE YOU ANY INSTRUCTIONS FOR US?

YES! YOU MUST GO TO PATHOR AND AID THE ONE BEING LEFT WHO CAN TELL YOU HOW TO SAVE EARTH. I WILL CHART YOU.

ALL RIGHT... GET THE DIRECTIONS, LUANA, WHILE RIP AND I CHECK THE SPACE CRUISER.

THINGS ARE TOO CRITICAL HERE ON EARTH TO LEAVE THE LAB UNGUARDED. THIS TIME I MUST GO ALONE. GOOD-BYE, YOU TWO.

GOODBYE, GORDON, AND BE CAREFUL!

GOOD LUCK!

ZOOOOOM...

WITHIN MINUTES, THE SPACE CRUISER TAKES OFF AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE IMMENSE VOID OF SPACE...

AND FIFTEEN HOURS LATER, AFTER TRAVELING MANY TIMES THE SPEED OF LIGHT, LANDS ON THE PLANET, PATHOR, IN THE *MILKY WAY*...

DESOLATE LOOKING PLACE. NOW THAT I'M HERE, WHERE DO I GO?

THIS SEEMS TO BE THE SPOT THE *"BRAIN"* DESCRIBED, BUT THERE'S NOTHING HERE! I HOPE I DIDN'T MISCALCULATE...

HEAD FOR THE ROCKS AND *WALK THROUGH THEM!* DO NOT FEAR.

FOLLOWING THE INSTRUCTIONS, CAPTAIN SCIENCE REACHES THE ROCKY PILE AND *PENETRATES* IT...

IT... IT'S NOT SOLID! I... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

WELCOME TO MY LABORATORY, CAPTAIN SCIENCE. I AM HASTUS OF PATHOR. I KNEW MY MESSAGE WOULD REACH SOMEONE..

HASTUS TELLS HIS STORY TO CAPTAIN SCIENCE, ONLY TO BE INTERRUPTED BY A HORDE OF *EVIL INTRUDERS*.

...AND IF THESE EVIL ONES ARE NOT DESTROYED, THEY WILL TAKE O[illegible]R THE WHOLE S[illegible]STEM.

BUT WHAT CAN I... LOOK!

YOU ARE FINISHED, HASTUS!... TAKE HIM AND THE STRANGER!

AS THE DOMEHEADS RUSH TO TAKE THEM, CAPTAIN SCIENCE WHIPS INTO ACTION. THE LOW GRAVITY OF PATHOR AIDS HIM...

STAND BACK, YOU SPACE-RATS!

UNHH!

BY GANUS. NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH STRENGTH!

THIS WILL TEACH YOU TO KEEP YOUR FISTS TO YOURSELF!

UHH!

THE PARALYSIS RAY... *AAH!*

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

FOR SUCH AS YOU, WE DO NOT EVEN HOLD A TRIAL. *THE SENTENCE IS DEATH*... I SHALL CARRY IT OUT NOW!

WHAT HASTUS HAS TOLD ME IS TRUE. YOU ARE THE *SPAWN OF EVIL* AND DESERVE TO BE DESTROYED!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, WHEN THE EFFECTS OF THE RAY WEAR OFF, THE TWO CAPTIVES ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE EVIL *TRIBUNE OF PATHOR*...

THE *TRIBUNE* WEARS THE *DEATH RAY*. HE PLANS TO *KILL* US!

DON'T GIVE UP HOPE!

AS THE TRIBUNE RAISES HIS LETHAL WEAPON CAPTAIN SCIENCE, SUMMONING ALL THE STRENGTH OF HIS EARTHLY MUSCLES, LEAPS TO THE DAIS...

IF I DIE, TRIBUNE — THEN YOU DIE WITH ME!

AYEE! STRIKE HIM DOWN!

NOW, MY FAT FRIEND, WE WILL SEE WHO IS TO DIE. GIVE ME THAT GUN!

HELP! HELP! THE EARTHLING'S STRENGTH IS AS TEN OF US.

A MOMENT LATER, WITH HASTUS BESIDE HIM AND USING TRIBUNE AS A SHIELD, SCIENCE BACKS FROM THE ROOM...

ORDER THEM NOT TO FOLLOW, OR YOUR MISERABLE LIFE IS FORFEIT!

ALL...ALL RIGHT...STAY WHERE YOU ARE. IT IS MY COMMAND!

THIS WILL KEEP HIM QUIET FOR AWHILE.... NOW, DO YOU KNOW THE WAY OUT OF HERE, HASTUS?

UHHGH!

YES. FOLLOW ME!

WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT TO WHERE YOU LEFT YOUR SPACESHIP. THEY'LL BE AFTER US IN A MOMENT.

PERHAPS. BUT WE ARE ARMED NOW...LEAD ON!

A WELCOME SIGHT GREETS THEIR EYES IN THE COURTYARD. CAPTAIN SCIENCE'S SPACE CRUISER...

WE'RE IN LUCK. THEY TOWED THE SHIP HERE!

RUN FOR THE ENTRANCE PORT. I'LL BLAST THE GUARDS!

INSIDE, HASTUS! HURRY!

STOP THEM! THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE!

WE MADE IT!

NOT YET! WE HAVE TO TAKE OFF, FIRST.

SLAM

THEN CAPTAIN SCIENCE EXECUTES A DARING MANEUVER AND WIPES OUT THE ATTACKERS WITH THE BLAST FROM THE SPACE SHIP'S ROCKET TUBES...

EEYAH!

I'M BURNING! AYIIEE!

AAAGH!

ARRAAAGH!

ABOARD THE FLEEING SPACE CRUISER THE TWO FUGITIVES PREPARE FOR ATTACK...

LOOK! ALREADY THEY'VE SENT A FLEET OF SPACE SHIPS AFTER US! SEE, ON THE SCREEN!

DO NOT WORRY! I AM PREPARED FOR THEM!

WHAT CAN YOU DO AGAINST A WHOLE FLEET OF HEAVILY ARMORED SPACE CRAFT?

WATCH! SIX DEGREES TO PORT... RAISE ELEVATION... AHHH! GOT 'EM!

AT THE TOUCH OF THE SWITCH THERE IS A TREMENDOUS BLAST THAT SHAKES THE SPACE CRUISER AS THOUGH IT WERE PAPER. THE ATTACKING FLEET GOES UP IN SMOKE....

BARROOOM

HASTUS, SHAKEN TO THE CORE, STARES IN AWE AT THE EMPTY SCREEN...

BY THE GODS OF SPACE! WHAT DID YOU DO TO THEM?

THAT WAS A HYDROGEN BOMB, ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPONS EVER DREAMED OF. IT DESTROYED THE WHOLE FLEET.

YES. WE ARE SAFE, BUT EARTH IS NOT! THE "DOMEHEADS" STILL THREATEN. WHAT SHALL WE DO?

I'VE GOT IT! IT JUST CAME TO ME. BUT TO EXECUTE IT, WE MUST BE WILLING *TO DIE!*

SETTING THE COURSE OF THE CRUISER DIRECTLY FOR PATHOR'S BLAZING SUN, SCIENCE PREPARES TO GIVE UP HIS LIFE TO SAVE THE EARTH.

I AM READY, IF IT WILL DESTROY THOSE BEASTS WHO HAVE KILLED MY PEOPLE AND WOULD KILL YOURS TOO.

VERY WELL. THERE ARE TWO MORE H-BOMBS ON THIS SHIP. I'LL DRIVE HER STRAIGHT INTO YOUR *SUN*. THE EXPLOSION WILL DESTROY ITS ALREADY DELICATE BALANCE AND YOUR ENTIRE SYSTEM WILL *BLOW UP!*

IN A FEW HOURS THERE WILL BE NOTHING LEFT OF PATHOR BUT FLAMING NEBULAE. AND WE WILL BE GONE WITH IT.. *UHH!*

NO, MY GOOD FRIEND! YOU WILL STILL BE ALIVE. YOUR WORLD HAS NEED OF YOU.

WORKING SWIFTLY, HASTUS LOADS THE TWO H-BOMBS INTO A "SPACE RAFT" AND CHANGES THE COURSE OF THE MOTHER SHIP...

GOODBYE, CAPTAIN SCIENCE! MAY GOOD FORTUNE ATTEND YOU. IT IS BETTER THAT I, WHO HAVE NOTHING LEFT TO LIVE FOR, *DIE*...

LOCKING HIMSELF WITHIN THE "SPACE-RAFT" HASTUS PRESSES THE LAUNCHING BUTTON AND IS HURLED INTO SPACE...*STRAIGHT FOR THE BLAZING SUN*...

SHORTLY AFTER, CAPTAIN SCIENCE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

WH..WHAT HAPPENED?...HASTUS! HE'S GONE! AND SO ARE THE H-BOMBS, AND THE SPACE-RAFT!

HE'S *SACRIFICING HIMSELF!* HE'S ALMOST THERE!

SUDDENLY THE SPACE CRUISER IS ALMOST RIPPED APART AS THE SUN OF PATHOR GOES UP IN A WILD CATA-CLYSMIC EXPLOSION.....

AND SO THROUGH THE BRAVE SACRIFICE OF A HEROIC BEING; THE EARTH IS SAVED, AND CAPTAIN SCIENCE IS LEFT ALIVE TO CONTINUE HIS *THRILLING ADVENTURES IN SPACE!*

THE END

BRANT CRAIG

WHEN THE SOLAR SYSTEM'S FAMOUS ACTOR, CARLTON LANE IS FOUND DEAD IN HIS DRESSING ROOM, *BRANT CRAIG*, HARD-BOILED PRIVATE EYE OF SATURN, HAS LITTLE INKLING OF THE VAST WEB OF INTRIGUE IN WHICH HE WOULD BE ENMESHED. NO MAN TO RUN AWAY FROM DANGER, TWO-FISTED BRANT PLUNGES HEADLONG INTO A MIXTURE OF MENACE, MURDER, AND MYSTERY AS HE TRIES TO SOLVE THE INCREDIBLE ADVENTURE OF... *"THE RED DEVILS OF MARS!"*

NO YOU DON'T! DALE--- LOOK OUT!

BRANT CRAIG! I THOUGHT YOU WERE.....

BRANT CRAIG, SATURN'S TOUGHEST PRIVATE EYE, IS PEEVED ABOUT HAVING TO LEAVE A CASE TO REPORT TO COL. HUSTON, CHARGED WITH THE PLANET'S SECURITY...

BUT I'M WORKING ON AN IMPORTANT CASE, COLONEL.

YOU ALSO ARE A MAJOR IN OUR INTELLIGENCE DIVISION--- AND I'M RECALLING YOU TO ACTIVE DUTY! NOW LISTEN TO THIS...

THE MARTIANS HAVE DROPPED AN IONIC CURTAIN OVER VENUS, AS YOU KNOW, WE CAN'T AFFORD TROUBLE WITH MARS RIGHT NOW, SO YOUR WORK IS UN OFFICIAL. I HAVE INFORMATION JOHNNY MINGO IS SMUGGLING IN POLITICAL REFUGEES FROM VENUS. IT HAS TO STOP!

BUT MINGO'S A GAMBLER, COLONEL.

HE'LL DO ANYTHING FOR MONEY. YOU TELL HIM TO LAY OFF. BUT IN A *NICE* WAY...AS THOUGH YOU'RE A PRIVATE CITIZEN. GET GOING...AND NO CASES!

PUZZLED, BRANT GOES TO JOHNNY MINGO'S LUXURIOUS GAMBLING CASINO.

I'LL TELL MINGO OFF AND... HMM... THAT GIRL SEEMS TO BE IN TROUBLE. AND THAT'S CARLTON LANE, THE HAM ACTOR.

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME! I WANT MY FATHER TO LEAVE.

LEAVE? ZOUNDS, DAUGHTER...ARE YOU DAFT? SEE YOU NOT THAT FORTUNE'S WHEEL...

I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD TOUCH THIS LADY, BUD!

WHO ARE YOU, WISE GUY? YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY *OUT!*

TO AVOID A SCENE, BRANT ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE WALKED FROM THE GAMING ROOM, TEMPORARILY!

COME ON, SONNY. I'LL BOUNCE YOU RIGHT OUT.

I THINK WE JUST PASSED MR. MINGO'S OFFICE. LET'S GO IN. YOU FIRST!

HEY, WHAT'S THIS? OH, CRAIG...IT'S OKAY, BOYS.

THIS CHARACTER DIDN'T WANT ME TO SEE YOU.

SO YOU MANAGED TO SPRING THE *HEAVENLY TWINS* AGAIN, EH?

THEY'RE INNOCENT AS NEW BORN BABES, WHICH IS MORE'N I CAN SAY FOR YOU, SHAMUS. WHAT'S YOUR PITCH?

I'M DOING YOU A FAVOR. I HEAR COLONEL HUSTON HAS YOU TIED UP WITH SMUGGLING VENUSIAN REFUGEES FROM BEHIND THE IONIC CURTAIN.

THAT'S A LIE... I'M JUST AN HONEST GAMBLER, YOU KNOW THAT, CRAIG. BUT I SURE APPRECIATE THE TIP. ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU?

CRAIG TELLS MINGO HE CAN CHASE CARLTON LANE OUT...

OUT HE GOES! WONDER WHERE HE GOT THAT BUNDLE? HE OWES ME PLENTY, BUT I FIGURE I'LL GET IT BACK.

OH, MR. CRAIG, I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME BACK. I'M *DALE LANE.*

UNHAND ME, VARLET. HOW DARE ANYONE TOUCH CARLTON LANE, GREAT ACTOR THAT I AM.

I KNOW THIS IS DRASTIC, PAL, BUT YOU'VE GOT A NEW SHOW TO DO. COME ON, MISS.

AFTER DEPOSITING CARLTON LANE IN HIS DRESSING ROOM, BRANT PAUSES TO CHAT WITH DALE LANE...

I NEVER KNEW HE HAD A DAUGHTER, MISS LANE. OOOPS... HURRY... HURRY...

SO SORRY. I'VE GOT TO CHANGE.

SHE'S SEENA GARRON, THE CO-STAR. WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THE SHOW?

AND SO, INSIDE THE THEATRE...

THE CURTAIN'S LATE. I HOPE DAD HASN'T...

LISTEN!

DUE TO ILLNESS, MR. CARLTON LANE'S UNDERSTUDY WILL APPEAR.

QUICKLY, BRANT GOES BACKSTAGE, AND IS ENTIRELY UNPREPARED FOR ... *MURDER!*

CAPTAIN SMITH!

HELLO, CRAIG. LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE MURDERED LANE. HEY, ISN'T THAT HIS DAUGHTER?

YES, BUT SHE CAN'T BE QUESTIONED NOW AS YOU CAN SEE! SAY! WHAT'S THAT?

A PIECE OF WIRE LANE WAS CLUTCHING. LOOK--30 FEET SEPARATE THESE BUILDINGS. NO ONE COULD FLY IN, SO THAT'S OUT. THE DOOR WAS LOCKED, SO THAT'S OUT. I'M GOING CRAZY!

YOU'VE GOT TO FIND DAD'S KILLER, BRANT.

SURE... AND COL. HUSTON WILL FLAY ME ALIVE IF HE FINDS I'VE TAKEN ON A NEW CASE. COME IN, MISS GARRON.

THIS IS AWFUL... SIMPLY APPALLING!

THOSE WERE CARLTON'S SCRAPBOOKS, BRANT. HE LIKED TO HAVE THEM AROUND FOR INTERVIEWERS.

COUPLE OF PAGES MISSING. HOPE THEY ARE NOT IMPORTANT.

:SOB!: IT'S :SOB: ALL RIGHT, WE HAVE COPIES ON INTRAFILM* AT THE APARTMENT.

*INTRAFILM IS THE RARE FOURTH DIMENSIONAL PICTURE DISCOVERED BY SATURNIAN SCIENTISTS IN 2251...

AS CAPTAIN SMITH RETURNS...

NOTHING ON THE ROOF EITHER! WHAT'S THIS ABOUT MINGO?

LANE OWED HIM DOUGH. I'M GOING TO SEE HIM IF YOU DON'T MIND.

YES, BRANT. SEE HIM! I'M SURE HE DID IT. YOU MUST FIND CARLTON'S KILLER.

OUCH! THIS DAME'S GOT A GRIP LIKE A FOOTBALL PLAYER.

I'LL DO MY BEST, MISS GARRON, I'VE GOT TO TAKE DALE HOME NOW.

IN DALE'S APARTMENT...

LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE IN THIS PENTHOUSE. YOUR FATHER SURE LIKED PRIVACY.

YES! NO ONE CAN OPERATE THE ELEVATOR UNTIL WE SNAP THE POWER-ROTO UP HERE!

OUTSIDE, BRANT IGNORES HIS SPACE SHIP AND GETS INTO HIS JET SPACE SUIT...

SINCE THIS IS OFFICIAL BUSINESS, THE COLONEL CAN'T OBJECT TO MY USING THE ARMY'S SECRET JET SPACE SUIT. OOOPS, I'M OFF TO MINGO'S, BUT FAST!

WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, BRANT ZOOMS THROUGH THE SIXTH ARONALEVEL.*

HEY! WHAT'S THAT SPACE SHIP DOING IN THIS LANE? IT'LL CRASH... YEP, THERE IT GOES.

*ARONALEVEL: A SPEED LANE DESIGNED FOR HIGH-SPEED SPACE SHIPS FROM FRIENDLY PLUTO.

BUT AS BRANT WATCHES, THE GROUND SUDDENLY PARTS AND THE STRANGE SPACE SHIP DISAPPEARS!

LOOK AT THAT...IT'S GOING RIGHT INTO THE GROUND. HOW'D IT GET PAST THE SECURITY PATROL. HEY, THAT'S MINGO'S PLACE!

BRANT RUSHES TO MINGO'S OFFICE, AWARE THAT HE HAS STUMBLED ONTO SOMETHING...

NOTHING DOING, BUDDY. NO ONE GETS IN THERE.

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, CHUMS!

WHAT'S THIS? CRAIG...GET HIM! HE MUSTN'T SEE...

THAT VENUSIAN/ I'VE GOT YOU RED-HANDED MINGO...YOU SMUGGLER!

THIS TIME, SHAMUS, YOU'RE THROUGH!

THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG.

LOOK OUT!

I... I...

YOU'LL NEVER TALK, MINGO! NOT NOW.

QUICK, CATCH HIM! HE'S GOT A DEADLY *MARTIAN BLACK RAY GUN!*

WE KILLED THE BOSS--COME ON!

HE'S DEAD..NOW THERE IS NO HOPE. WE CHARGED HIGH, BUT HE GOT MANY OF US FROM BEHIND THE IONIC CURTAIN OF MARS.

YOU'LL BE RIGHT BACK THERE TOO, IF YOU DON'T TALK!

WHAT CAN I SAY? I AM MAROC ZANDER. ONCE I HAD A PROSPEROUS CIRCUS ON VENUS UNTIL THE MARTIANS INVADED. NOW I THOUGHT TO FIND REFUGE HERE WITH MY FRIEND, CARLTON LANE.

LANE? HE'S DEAD.

DEAD! THEN THEY GOT HIM TOO! SPIES! THEY WERE EVERYWHERE, EVEN IN MY CIRCUS. I REMEMBER WHEN LANE VISITED ME MANY YEARS AGO, A YOUNG AERIALIST, MY STAR, SHE WAS A SPY, AND...

AERIALIST. YOU MEAN A WIRE WALKER. I'VE GOT IT--THAT PIECE OF WIRE IN LANE'S HAND.

LOOK, DID HE EVER HAVE PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN—

WITH THE SPY, YES! BUT HE COULD NOT HAVE KNOWN AT THE TIME. IT WAS FIVE YEARS LATER I LEARNED.

I'M GOING TO DALE LANE'S APARTMENT. YOU REPORT TO COLONEL HUSTON, MR. ZANDER, AND I'LL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE. I'LL BET THOSE MISSING PAGES IN LANE'S SCRAPBOOK WILL TELL ME SOMETHING!

DALE'S GOING TO BE SURPRISED WHEN I GET... HEY, WHAT GIVES!

BRANT SEES...

THAT PICTURE! IT MUST BE DESTROYED. AND YOU TOO!

AS THE FIGURE STRIKES BRANT ZOOMS IN...

NO YOU DON'T! IT'S SEENA GARRON. YOU'RE A MARTIAN SECRET AGENT! *A RED SPY!*

BRANT AND DALE ARE COVERED BY THE DREADED MARTIAN BLACK RAY GUN...

THAT'S RIGHT AND I KILLED LANE WHEN HE RECOGNIZED ME.

AND TONIGHT YOU GOT MINGO! BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT LANE...

THAT'S EASY. THIS ROPE HAS A GRAPPLING HOOK ATTACHMENT ON THE END. I THREW IT FROM THE BUILDING NEXT TO THE THEATRE,--THEN CLIMBED DOWN, KILLED LANE, AND CLIMBED UP AGAIN. THEN I LEAPED BACK TO THE BUILDING AND CAME BACK INTO THE THEATRE WHEN YOU SAW ME.

I DID THE SAME HERE. NOW I'LL KILL--*EEEK!*

THAT'S HER! BLAST HER! SHE MOIDERED DE BOSS! WE FOLLEYED HER HERE!

A SPY, BRANT--A RED MARTIAN. SPY! SHE WAS TRYING TO FIND OUT HOW THE VENUSIANS ESCAPED THE IONIC CURTAIN.

WE SURE GAVE HER A "CURTAIN", FOR SOITAN!

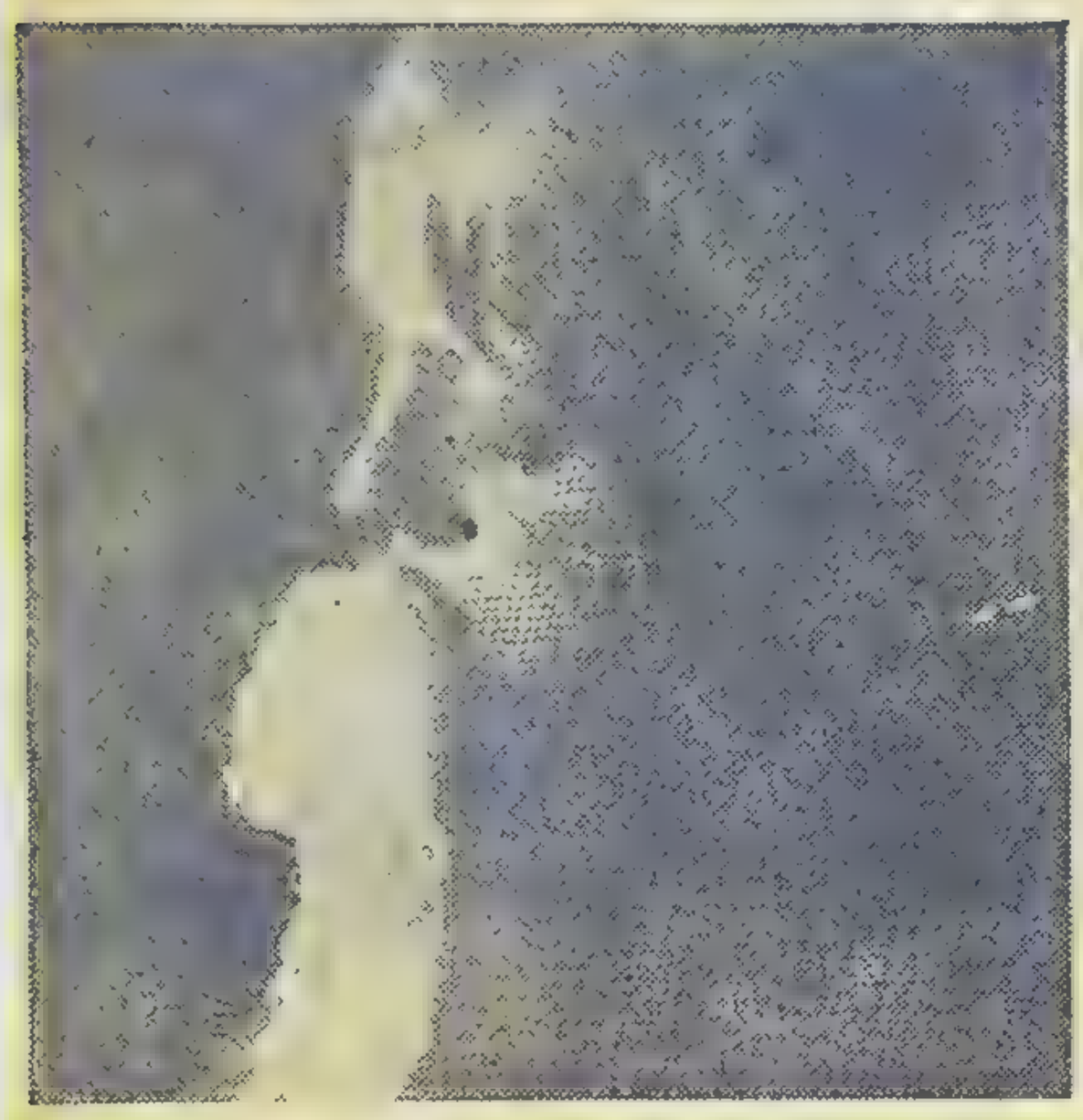
A FEW MINUTES LATER.

OH, BRANT, I CAN'T HELP TELLING YOU HOW WONDERFUL YOU ARE.

OH, I DON'T MIND. IT'S GOOD FOR BUSINESS!

THE END

DO YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS?



Ectoplasm issuing from the mouth of a Medium used by Arthur Conan Doyle to prove existence of spirit world.

FROM the beginning of time people have believed in ghosts and the manifestation of spirits. Folklore and legends are filled with tales of nether world creatures. Nearly every ancient castle or ruin in Europe has a ghost story associated with it. All of us have heard stories of the ghastly figure dressed in white that stalks the Tower of London carrying her head in her hands. She is reputed to be Catherine Howard, wife of Henry VIII, who was beheaded there.

Glamis Castle, the childhood home of Queen Elizabeth of England, boasts a ghost known as the "Redheaded Giant of Glamis" who appears at the stroke of midnight when the full moon shines.

One of the more terrifying ghosts that supposedly haunt jolly old England is known as the "Screaming Head." The head belonged, or belongs to the unfortunate husband of a London housewife named Katherine Hayes. A hundred and seventy years ago, the charming Mrs. Hayes with two friends knocked her husband unconscious and beheaded him. When they buried the head in the rear of the Hayes house it gave out with such awful screams that some passerby dug it up. It was recognized and Mrs. Hayes and her companions soon swung from the gallows at Tyburn. The head still appears giving vent to its frightful shrieks of agony, it is said.

In America we too have our quota of traditional ghosts. There is the woman who appears on the highway and gets a lift from passing travelers. When she leaves she always gives her benefactor a solemn warning of death to come.

We have the "Headless Horseman" of Washington Irving who rides his coal black horse through Sleepy Hollow on Halloween. As the ghostly hoofs thunder through the town all good people shut their windows and pull the blinds tight.

Another famous American ghost is that of a sailor who had made a pact with his sweetheart to return from a voyage to marry her. His ship went down in a storm and he was drowned. Now, on the anniversary of their troth, a mouldering figure covered with dripping seaweed, may be seen returning to the long-empty house where the girl once lived.

Americans can also boast of a ghost train which speeds down the rails of the Union Pacific, headlight flashing, ghostly whistle blowing. Engineers who see it are supposed to be warned of impending disaster up the line. Just as it is about to crash into an oncoming train it disappears and the engineer had better beware.

We could go on and on with stories of walking ghosts and crawling ghosts, murdered ghosts and ghosts of those who mysteriously disappeared never to be found again, ghosts of highwaymen who gallop over hill and dale on frightful errands, or ghosts like that of the Black Prince which may be seen driving over the moor in a black coach drawn by headless horses and followed by terrible hounds yapping at their heels. There is only one trouble with all these stories. None have ever been actually authenticated. We never actually meet anyone who claims to have met one himself.

Because of all these unexplained appearances and stories that seem to spring up by the hundreds, there have been founded various organizations to investigate them. There are groups like the Society for Psychical Research in England and their counterparts in the United States, the Ghost Club and many others. None of these groups have ever found any real evidence of ghosts.

But far worse than the traditional ghosts are the mediums and spiritualists who play on the gullible. These people claim to be able to contact those who have passed on. They can get messages from the dead and even bring them back for the living to see.

Practicing their wiles on people who want to believe the fake phenomena produced by these frauds they make a living out of trickery.

Most famous of the fraudulent mediums was, perhaps, the Davenport Brothers. Tied and placed inside cabinets they were able to produce marvelous manifestations of ghosts. From inside the cabinet came the sound of musical instruments, bells rang, tambourines jangled, knocks and raps were heard. Suddenly the doors of the cabinet flew open and there were the brothers tied as firmly as ever.

Finally when the two gave a performance at Ithaca, New York, students at Cornell set off chemical flares during the performance which always took place in the dark. The two brothers were seen prancing about, working all their various props. Their great powers were nothing more than unique demonstrations of rope-tying and escape from bonds placed upon them.

One of the most relentless fighters against fake mediums was Harry Houdini, the famous magician. He claimed he could duplicate by natural means anything that a spiritulist claimed he or she could do. His greatest expose was that of a medium known as "Margery" who had gained a nationwide reputation for her seemingly authentic production of psychic phenomena.

Her downfall came when she attempted to claim a prize of $2500 offered by a magazine for the actual proof of genuine spirit contact. For awhile it looked as though she would win hands down. Then Houdini stepped in.

Margery produced a floating table, trumpet messages and bell-ringing. Each one of these things Houdini explained and showed how Margery had tricked her audience. Then he brought on his ace in the hole which he called the "Ghost Breaker." This was a cabinet in which she had to sit with only her head protruding through a hole in the top. After an hour in this cabinet nothing happened whatsoever and the fake medium finally had to give in. She never got the award.

Another time Houdini attended a seance disguised in old clothes, dark glasses and a cane. As soon as the lights were out, the magician crawled across the floor and smeared the trumpets, bells, and other parephenalia used to produce spirit phenomena with burnt cork.

The seance went on with a truly remarkable number of appearances, ghostly singing, instrument playing, etc. But when the lights were turned on again the medium was found to be smeared from head to foot with black from the burnt cork from the instruments, which of course, are not supposed to be touched by human hands. The medium was arrested and fined.

At still another seance Houdini, who employed many investigators, was nearly taken in by his own people. Two of them became very friendly with a medium whom Houdini was investigating. The magician, suspecting trickery, decided to try one of his own and expose not only the phony medium, but his unfaithful assistants as well.

At the seance, held a few nights later, Houdini was prepared. With him was a photographer, replete with flash equipment. The medium, with the assistance of the two investigators went into a trance and the usual spiritual manifestations began. Suddenly there was a blinding flash and all was confusion. In it, Harry Houdini and his photographer escaped by crawling through a cellar window.

As they came out, a sister of the medium leaped on the cameraman like a tigress and tried to smash his equipment. Her attack was unsuccessful and the films were rushed to a Chicago newspaper. The prints from the negative showed the supposed medium with one of the trumpets in her hand as she gave ghostly messages through it. The paper gave the picture prominent space on its front page and one less faker was in business.

Some of the methods used by these fakers follow. Their methods are clever and are calculated to fool anybody who is not aware of the trickery used by these people. Spirit raps are produced by building an electric knocker into the table. A wire runs inside the table leg and out of the room to where an assistant works it by an electric button just like a doorbell. The resulting raps are very convincing.

Another phenomena is table lifting. A group sits around the table their hands pressed against its top. The medium starts and the table begins to tilt, rocking back and forth. It counts to letters and spells words, it even floats in the air.

Again assistants are used. They have tubes strapped to their arms. The tubes telescope and open up and are slid under the table top. Meanwhile the hands rest innocently above it. When the hands are raised, up comes the table. One assistant, of course sits on each side of the table.

Another device is worn on the belt. It is a kind of swinging hook that catches the table underneath. As the clients rise from their seats, the two assistants with the hooks, attach them, and the table rises with them.

For trumpet playing the medium employs other tricks. It works like this. The trumpet is placed on the center of a table with no one near it. From it are heard voices, whispers, it floats around the room, all this even though the medium has her hands tied.

This is accomplished by using trick knots when the mediums hands are tied. In this manner she gets a hand loose. Then she utilizies a long telescoping rod and a length of rubber hose. Opening the rod she catches the trumpet with the slender shaft and with it moves the instrument about the room. At the same time she talks through the rubber hose which is attached to the mouth of the trumpet. This makes it seem as if a voice really is coming from the ghostly instrument.

There are literally hundreds of other tricks that are used to convince the sucker. Spirit forms are produced, spirit paintings made, spirit photos shown, even actual materialization of ghosts. All have been proven a fake, yet people go on believing in what is an obvious fraud. Perhaps one day science will end this evil preying on innocent victims once and for all. Then ghosts will take their proper place as entertaining stories to be told around the fireplace.

Now do you believe in ghosts?

CAPTAIN SCIENCE

CRASH LANDING ON AN UNKNOWN PLANET, CAPTAIN SCIENCE FINDS HIMSELF TAKEN PRISONER AND SENTENCED TO DEATH WITH MANY OF ITS OPPRESSED INHABITANTS. EVEN WITH ALL HIS SUPER-WEAPONS AND AMAZING KNOWLEDGE, IT LOOKED AS THOUGH HE WERE DOOMED TO DIE BY THE HANDS OF THE EVIL AND TERRIBLE.....

"INVISIBLE TYRANTS OF CALOT III"...

A SECRET ROOM IN THE STRONGHOLD OF PRINCESS ANDOR, ON THE PLANET CALOT III...

HOW FAR HAS YOUR BROTHER PROGRESSED WITH THE PLANS, ANDOR?

DO NOT MENTION THEM, HANO. IT IS DANGEROUS, EVEN HERE.

THE INVISIBLE ONES ARE EVERYWHERE. WE WILL CONVERSE ONLY BY *WRITING.*

ALL RIGHT, IF YOU INSIST. BUT I'M SURE THEY ARE NOT IN HERE.

WE'VE BEEN KEPT IN *BONDAGE* TOO LONG-- SLAVING FOR THEM AND THE TRAITORS WHO SERVE THEM.

AYE, GALLEN, WELL SPOKEN. IT IS BETTER TO DIE THAN LIVE LIKE THIS!

AS IF BY MAGIC, THE DOOR CRASHES OPEN AND SOLDIERS POUR IN...

COME, TRAITORS! TAKE US! WE ARE READY!

YOUR HIGHNESS! WE..WE HAVE ORDERS TO...

TAKE THEM OR YOU DIE TOO!

YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR WISH!... ENTER, MEN, AND TAKE THEM!

THE INVISIBLE ONES! WE ARE LOST!

YOU ARE UNDER ARREST. COME WITH US!

TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T FEEL OUR PRESENCE SOONER. AWAY WITH THEM!

I KNEW IT! I COULD FEEL THEIR EVIL PRES-ENCE.

MEANWHILE SOME THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM CALOT III IN OUTER SPACE, *CAPTAIN SCIENCE*, RETURNING TO EARTH FROM PATHOR, IS IN TROUBLE....

THE OVERDRIVE IS FAILING AND THE ROCKET BLAST IS DECREASING. I'M OUT OF FUEL!

LUCKY THERE'S A PLANET NEAR HERE WHERE I CAN LAND TO REFUEL.

HIS FUEL LASTS JUST LONG ENOUGH TO ALLOW *CAPTAIN SCIENCE* TO BRING HIS SPACE SHIP TO THE GROUND IN A *CRASH LANDING*...

SCREEEEECH

A MOMENT LATER, CAPTAIN SCIENCE STEPS OUT ONTO THE PLANET, *CALOT III*. SHAKEN BUT UNHURT...

WHEW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!.. I'D BETTER GET MY GEIGER COUNTER AND START LOOKING FOR FRESH FUEL. NO TELLING WHAT I MAY RUN INTO HERE.

I'LL BE IN A PRETTY FIX IF THERE ISN'T... BY SPACE! WHAT'S THIS?

TAKE HIM PRISONER AND BRING HIM TO THE DUNGEONS AT DONTTO!

YOU'LL HAVE TO FIGHT...

EEHAA!

DO NOT RESIST! IT IS USELESS!

BUT HIS ATTACKERS ARE TOO NUMEROUS FOR HIM. HE IS MADE CAPTIVE! SWITCHING ON HIS TELEPATH, CAPTAIN SCIENCE TRIES TO CONVERSE WITH...

I AM A TRAVELER FROM OUTTER SPACE. TAKE ME TO YOUR RULER.

YOU ARE A PRISONER FROM SPACE NOW... TAKE HIM AWAY.

WHERE DID THAT VOICE COME FROM?

THAT WAS ONE OF THE *INVISIBLE ONES* WHO RULE OVER US. COME WITH US.

TAKEN TO A HEAVILY GUARDED PRISON, CAPTAIN SCIENCE IS THROWN INTO THE SAME CELL WITH PRINCESS ANDOR AND HER HENCHMEN...

ANOTHER ONE TAKEN! WE ARE DOOMED, INDEED.. NO, HE IS A STRANGER?

WHO ARE YOU, AND WHY ARE YOU TO DIE BY THE HAND OF THE INVISIBLE ONES?

I COME FROM ANOTHER WORLD. I WAS CAPTURED AND THROWN IN HERE. SO I AM TO DIE, EH?

YES. IT IS LIKE THEM TO SENTENCE YOU TO DEATH WITH NO HEARING, NO TRIAL! THIS IS THE *DUNGEON OF DEATH!*

QUICKLY SCIENCE AND THE OTHERS EXCHANGE STORIES...

THIS WILL STOP THEM. I HAVE THROWN A "FORCE WALL" ABOUT US WHICH ALLOWS NO THING OR SOUND TO PASS THROUGH.

I WOULD TELL YOU MORE, BUT I DARE NOT. THE INVISIBLE ONES ARE EVERYWHERE.

NOW WE MAY TALK IN SAFETY. IS THERE NO CHANCE TO GET HELP IF I COULD GET OUT OF HERE?

AMAZING! PERHAPS YOU HAVE BEEN SENT TO SAVE US... THERE *IS* A REVOLT PLANNED. LISTEN, I WILL TELL YOU EVERYTHING...

WITH FULL INFORMATION ON HOW TO FIND ANDOR'S BROTHER, CAPTAIN SCIENCE USES A HENSEN COIL TO DISSOLVE THE WALLS OF THE CELL...

I WILL SEAL THE WALL UP AFTER ME. TRY AND KEEP THEM FROM FINDING OUT ABOUT MY ESCAPE AS LONG AS YOU CAN!

WE WILL. MAY YOUR MISSION BE SUCCESSFUL.

BUT AS HE RESEALS THE OPENING HE IS DISCOVERED BY A SENTRY...

WHAT MAGIC IS THIS!

THEY ARE TO DIE AT DAWN. I MUST PREVENT IT... *HUH!*

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

AIEE!

NOW, STRANGE ONE FROM OUTTER SPACE, YOU DIE...AAAHH!

I HAVEN'T TIME TO PLAY AROUND WITH YOU, TRAITOR!

FOLLOWING ANDOR'S INSTRUCTIONS, CAPTAIN SCIENCE SAFELY REACHES HER BROTHER'S HIDE-OUT AND TELLS HIS STORY. ACTION IS SWIFT...

WITH THESE "VULTOKS" WE CAN REACH YOUR SHIP IN A FEW MINUTES. DO NOT BE AFRAID OF THEM. THEY ARE WELL TRAINED.

THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO MAKE A MEAL OF ME.

THIS IS BETTER THAN A SPACE SHIP. AT LEAST YOU DON'T CRASH WHEN YOU'RE OUT OF FUEL.

HANG ON, WE'RE JUST PICKING UP SPEED.

AT HIS FUELESS SPACE SHIP.... SCIENCE ISSUES *DISINTEGRATORS* TO THE REBELS...

WITH THESE WEAPONS YOU CAN BLAST ANYTHING THAT GETS IN YOUR WAY. NOTHING CAN STOP YOU... NOW, LET'S GET BACK TO THAT PRISON.

NO! WE WILL ATTACK THE *SOURCE* OF THE *INVISIBLE ONE'S POWER.*

IT IS IN A LARGE EMPTY SPACE KEPT COMPLETELY SURROUNDED BY GUARDS!

I SEE. I THINK I HAVE THE ANTIDOTE FOR THAT. WHAT WE CALL, AN *ATOM BOMB.*

REMOUNTING THEIR "VULTOKS," THEY ARE SOON OVER THE TARGET AREA....

BOMBS AWAY!...Y!!! I'M HIT!

HANG ON! I'LL SAVE YOU!

INSTANTLY, THE PERFECTLY TRAINED BIRD ZOOMS UNDER SCIENCE'S FALLING BODY AND ANDOR'S BROTHER GRABS HIM...

WHEW! I THOUGHT IT WAS ALL OVER WITH ME!

ANOTHER SECOND AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN

SECONDS LATER THE A BOMB LANDS IN THE FORBIDDEN AREA AND EXPLODES. AS IT DOES SO, A STRANGE THING HAPPENS...

WHAR-R-R-R

WHAT WAS THAT! FIND OUT AND REPORT TO ME!

LOOK!

BEFORE THEIR EYES THE *INVISIBLE VOICE* BECOMES *VISIBLE*... WITH SHOCKING RESULTS.....

WHAT ARE YOU YOU STARING AT? GO AT ONCE! I COMMAND YOU!

THE *INVISIBLE ONE* IS... IS *THIS*? NO WONDER THEY WERE AFRAID TO BE SEEN!

BARR OOM!

NOW THAT WE KNOW WHAT THEY ARE REALLY LIKE, WE NEED FEAR THEM NO MORE. TAKE HIM PRISONER!

YES, PRINCESS!

LET ME GO! LET ME GO!

BROTHER! THANK GALOS YOU ARE SAFE!

AND YOU, ANDOR!...AT LAST WE ARE FREE! EVERYWHERE THE PEOPLE ARE POUNCING ON THESE *DWARFS* WHO HAVE KEPT US IN SLAVERY SO LONG.

A FEW DAYS LATER...

WHAT SHALL YOUR PUNISHMENT BE, DWARFED ONES? DEATH, SUCH AS YOU METED OUT TO US?

NO. I HAVE A BETTER SUGGESTION. LET THEM USE THEIR KNOWLEDGE OF *SOIENCE TO SERVE YOU*, AND THUS MAKE UP FOR YOUR YEARS OF BONDAGE.

IT SHALL BE! I HAVE SPOKEN!

THE FOLLOWING WEEK, HIS SPACE SHIP REFUELED AND REPAIRED, CAPTAIN SCIENCE RESUMES HIS FLIGHT TO EARTH...

HE WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN ON CALOT III.

HE WILL GO DOWN IN THE PAGES OF HISTORY AS THE *GREATEST HERO OF ALL SPACE!*

THE END

TODAY'S DATE? WHY, IT'S... JULY 11, 2052, AND MAN HAS BEEN COWERING IN TERROR, SELF-SEALED IN HIS OWN LIVING-TOMBS SINCE THAT DAY OF HORROR IN... 1952. REMEMBER? 100 YEARS AGO THE SKY ABOVE AMERICA TURNED BLACK WITH THE DREAD FLIGHT OF MILLIONS OF FEROCIOUS, GIGANTIC ANTS! AND MAN WAS SLAIN AND SLAUGHTERED, DRIVEN FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH! PUNY MAN WAS EASY PREY THAT DAY OF DEATH TO THE STEELY CLAWS AND CRUSHING JAWS OF THOSE EVIL INSECT-BEASTS! TODAY... IN 2052... CAN MAN WIN BACK HIS PLANET? CAN HE AT LAST RECLAIM HIS EARTH-HOME FROM THE OOZING CLUTCH AND GRIP OF THOSE MERCILESS MONSTERS? ONLY AT THE BATTLE'S END CAN WE TELL WHO WILL CONQUER IN THIS...

WORLD WAR III with the ANTS

BACK TO JULY 11, 1952... AN ORDINARY SPRING DAY IN NEW YORK. BUT SUDDENLY A LIVID FLASH OF BLUE-RED LIGHT BURSTS HIGH IN THE SKY!

AN A-BOMB? OR AN H-BOMB?

ARE THE TOTALITARIAN POWERS BOMBING US?

IT MAY BE A COMET! RUN!

BUT THERE WAS NO GREAT FEAR... NOT AT FIRST. BECAUSE ALL THAT FELL WAS A SMALL SHOWER OF *TINY ANTS*...

HAHA! OUGHT TO HAVE A PICNIC... WE'VE GOT ENOUGH ANTS!

BUT ONE MAN IN THE CROWD NOTICED A STRANGE THING... YOUNG PROF. TOM LEIGH, WHO TAUGHT ENTOMOLOGY... STUDY OF INSECTS... AT THE UNIVERSITY...

THIS ANT EATS AND THEN DOUBLES ITS SIZE IN 42 SECONDS! THEY'LL BE... *MONSTERS!*

TOM LEIGH WAS RIGHT! THE ANT DOUBLED IN SIZE, DOUBLED AGAIN! AND THEN THE BEAST'S CLICKING JAWS REACHED FOR A TASTE OF WARM BLOOD!

IT EATS FLESH! I'VE GOT TO GET TO MY LAB... WARN THE WORLD!

AS TOM RACED TO HIS LAB, THE CITY'S FIRE AND POLICE DEPARTMENTS MOBILIZED TO FIGHT THE PLAGUE OF GIGANTIC ANTS...

THEY'RE LIKE STEEL CABLE! MY AXE IS DENTED!

SOME OF THE ANTS SPROUTED WINGS, TOOK TO THE AIR! NOTHING STOPPED THEM, NOT EVEN A JET BOMBERS' ROCKETS! WHERE ONE ANT DIED, ANOTHER GRUESOME MONSTER TOOK ITS PLACE! WITHIN DAYS THEY WERE TO SPREAD OVER THE ENTIRE CONTINENT... THE WORLD!

REMEMBER, EVEN TINY ANTS CAN LIFT AND CARRY HUNDREDS OF TIMES THEIR OWN WEIGHT. THEY CAN KILL A CHARGING ELEPHANT AND STRIP HIS BONES OF FLESH THE SAME DAY. SO YOU CAN IMAGINE THE STRENGTH AND FEROCITY OF THESE GIANT ANTS THAT WERE CONQUERING THE WORLD! SENT BY AN ENEMY POWER? INVADERS FROM ANOTHER PLANET? NO ONE KNEW...

THROUGH SCENES OF FANTASTIC AND SICKENING HORROR, TOM LEIGH RACED ON AND ON...

BUT CAN I DO ANYTHING IN MY LAB? THIS MAY MEAN THE *END OF MAN!*

TOM LEIGH JOINED A SMALL GROUP OF SCIENTISTS AND STUDENTS WHO TOOK REFUGE BEHIND THE THICK WALLS OF THE UNIVERSITY'S ATOM RESEARCH LAB. SHELTERED DEEP IN THE EARTH, THIS GROUP SURVIVED THE FIRST DAYS OF HORROR. THE ANTS COULD NOT BITE THROUGH THE LAB'S SHELL OF STONE AND STEEL. ON THE EARTH'S SURFACE, THE ANTS WAGED TOTAL WAR AGAINST MAN!

NO ANSWER ...OUR LAST CONTACT WITH THE OUTSIDE GONE! THE UPPER WORLD IS LOST... *THE ANTS RULE THE EARTH!*

THE WORLD OVER, MERE MAN BECAME A HUNTED ANIMAL! SOON, ONLY A FEW HUMANS WERE LEFT ALIVE, AND THEY WERE SLOWLY DYING IN UNDERGROUND CAVERNS...LACKING SUN, LIGHT AND AIR, THEY DIED BY THE MILLIONS! IT WOULD DRIVE YOU INSANE TO EVEN TRY TO IMAGINE WHAT HAPPENED TO *MAN*... THE SILENCE OF DEATH FELL ON THE EARTH...ONLY THE CLICKING JAWS AND CLACKING WINGS OF THE ANTS WERE HEARD...

PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE BEASTS OF THE FIELD WERE KILLED! THE GREEN FORESTS CHEWED DOWN! THE ANTS ATE ANYTHING THAT LIVED OR MOVED...

A MONTH LATER, ONLY ONE PLACE WITH HUMAN LIFE SURVIVED! AN UNDERGROUND TUNNEL AND STREAM SUPPLIED WATER AND AIR. THE FOREMOST SCIENTISTS IN THE WORLD WERE GROUPED HERE...

WE CAN LIVE FOR A YEAR...PERHAPS...

BUT ARE WE DOOMED? MUST WE DIE?

WAS THIS THE END OF MAN? TOM PREPARED TO DIE WITH THE GIRL HE HAD HOPED TO MARRY...

DORIS, EVEN OUR ATOMIC WEAPONS ARE USELESS. LET'S TRY TO DIE...BRAVELY.

NO! I HAVE A PLAN... LISTEN...

PROFESSOR LARENS, FAMED CHEMIST AND PHYSIOLOGIST...

WE CAN LIVE FOR A HUNDRED YEARS... IF WE DARE USE MY SUSPENDED-LIFE PLASTIC FORMULA!

JUST SHOW US... WE'LL TRY ANYTHING!

PROFESSOR LARENS EXPLAINS HIS LIFE-PLASTIC AND SHOWS THEM THE FINAL RESULTS OF HIS MANY YEARS OF RESEARCH IN *LIFE EMBALMING*...

LIFE-EMBALMED IN OXYGEN-PLASTIC! FOREVER YOUNG, CHANGELESS. THEN, UNDER A SPRAY OF RAW OXYGEN... WATCH!

SSSSS

UNDER THE OXYGEN LIFE-SPRAY THE PLASTIC SHEATH MELTS... AND LIFE REAWAKENS!

I LIFE-EMBALMED IT SEVEN YEARS AGO. IT COULD HAVE STAYED FOR AGES. NOW... DON'T YOU SEE WHAT WE CAN DO WITH OUR BODIES? IF WE ALL TRY TO LIVE AT ONCE.. WE'LL ALL SURELY DIE!

...THE CAT'S ALIVE, UNHARMED!

QUICKLY, THE DECISION WAS MADE. OF FUEL AND ENERGY AND FOOD AND ALL SUPPLIES, THERE WAS ENOUGH FOR A DESPERATE AND DANGEROUS DEATH-LIFE PLAN. SO... ALL WOULD BE EMBALMED IN LIVING PLASTIC BY PROF. LARENS. ONLY HE AND ONE OTHER SCIENTIST WOULD STAY ALIVE TO WORK ON WEAPONS AND CHEMICAL-ATOMIC FORMULAE THAT WOULD COMBAT AND PERHAPS DESTROY THE KILLER ANTS. WITHIN HOURS A LINE OF LIVING MUMMIES WAITED IN DEATH-SLUMBER FOR THE LIFE-TOUCH OF OXYGEN!

GOOD-BYE, DORIS.

MAYBE... MAYBE... THIS IS ONLY "SO LONG."

AS ONE OF US DIES, WE'LL RELEASE ANOTHER HUMAN OUT OF THE LIFE-PLASTIC. WITH ONLY 2 OF US ALIVE AT A TIME, WE CAN CARRY ON FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS.

IN 1963, AFTER 11 YEARS OF RESEARCH, PROF. LARENS DIED... AND THE JET OF LIFE-OXYGEN RELEASES ANOTHER SCIENTIST, PROF. MATTEN...

AWAKE AND LIVE, MISS MATTEN! LARENS WAS A BRAVE MAN, BUT IN THE WORLD ABOVE, THE ANTS STILL REIGN SUPREME!

THE SEARCH FOR AN ANT WEAPON CONTINUES, AND IN 1981...

I AM DYING. AWAKEN NO. 2... AND CARRY ON!

I HAVE A CHEMICAL FORMULA ALMOST READY TO TEST ON THE ANTS. I NEED A BRAVE MAN FOR THAT TEST!

IN 1984 THE FIRST EXPERIMENTAL CHEMICAL ANT DESTROYER WAS READY...

IT MAY...OR MAY NOT... WORK. DO YOU DARE HUNT A GIANT ANT?

I DARE. COWARDS DIE MANY TIMES, I CAN ONLY DIE ONCE!

AHHH! CONTINUE... THE FIGHT... GOOD... LUCK!

BUT THE CHEMICAL IS USELESS AS A WEAPON...AND A BRAVE MAN FALLS UNDER THE ANTS' HORRID CLAWS...

NO USE! VARY THE FORMULA...USE MORE CARNOTITE...AAAAH!

ONE BY ONE THE LAST HUMANS ON EARTH GO TO A DREADFUL DOOM UNDER THE GRINDING JAWS AND CLAWS OF THE MONSTROUS ANTS... UNTIL...IN 2052...

TOM LEIGH... I CALL YOU BACK TO LIFE!

I...I REMEMBER! IS THERE... ANY HOPE AT ALL?

IN 1994 ANOTHER BRAVE SCIENTIST IS RECALLED TO LIFE FROM HIS MUMMY-SHEATH... AND GOES TO A GRUESOME DEATH TESTING ANOTHER WEAPON!

96 2000 2832 2040

IN A FEW DAYS, THE RELIVING TOM LEIGH PREPARES TO TEST THE LATEST CHEMICO-ATOMIC ANT WEAPON!

YOU'LL NEED ANOTHER HUMAN TO HELP YOU. SO... CHOOSE YOUR OWN *DEATH-MATE!*

I HOPED YOU'D CHOOSE TO EITHER LIVE OR DIE WITH ME!

OF COURSE...NOW, IF ONLY THIS WEAPON WOULD WORK...

A COLORED CARNOTITE SPRAY SPROUTS FROM THE LATEST WEAPON, AS AN ANT OPENS ITS TERRIBLE JAWS TO CHEW...

WE'VE FAILED! WE'RE DONE FOR!

NO...NO! LOOK, DORIS...

I THINK SHE WOULD CHOOSE TO DIE WITH ME. DORIS.. DORIS...

TOM...WHERE AM I?

THE ANT HUNT IS ON! OR IS IT THE ANTS WHO ARE HUNTING THE HUMANS?

THAT ONE'S IN RANGE!

STEADY, DORIS! LET'S GIVE THEM A GOOD FIGHT, EVEN IF WE DIE...

THE BRUTE ANT HALTS, STAGGERS... CLASHES ITS HORNY JAWS IN RAGE...

IS IT DYING?

NO! NO...I THINK HE'S SHRINKING BACK TO SIZE! MAYBE HE'LL GO BACK TO ANT-SIZE...LIKE ANTS IN 1952...

HUNDREDS OF ANT-GIANTS RALLY TO THE SCENT OF HUMAN PREY AND DEADLY BATTLE!

SOME OF THEM SHRINK AND SOME OF THEM EXPLODE!

KEEP FIRING SPRAY! HERE THEY COME!

SPRLAAT

TOTAL WAR... IN THE WAR AGAINST THE ANTS!

WON'T THEY QUIT?

DON'T THEY EVER RETREAT?

MAN AND WOMAN WIN! AFTER A HORRIBLE BATTLE AND SLAUGHTER, EARTH'S NOBLEST CREATURE AGAIN CAN HOPE TO LIVE...

OUR WEAPON WORKS! WE MAY YET FREE THE WORLD OF ANTS!

NOW WE CAN LIBERATE ALL THE OTHER LIFE-EMBALMED SCIENTISTS!

BACK IN THE LAB, THE REMAINING LIVING HUMANS ARE SET FREE OF THEIR PLASTIC TOMBS...

WE'RE ALIVE! REALLY ALIVE!

IF WE WORK AND FIGHT, THE WORLD MAY BE OURS AGAIN!

IT'S TERRIBLE... TERRIBLE! BUT THE SKY IS SO BLUE...

WHILE I WAS DEAD I FORGOT THE EARTH WAS GOOD TO LIVE ON!

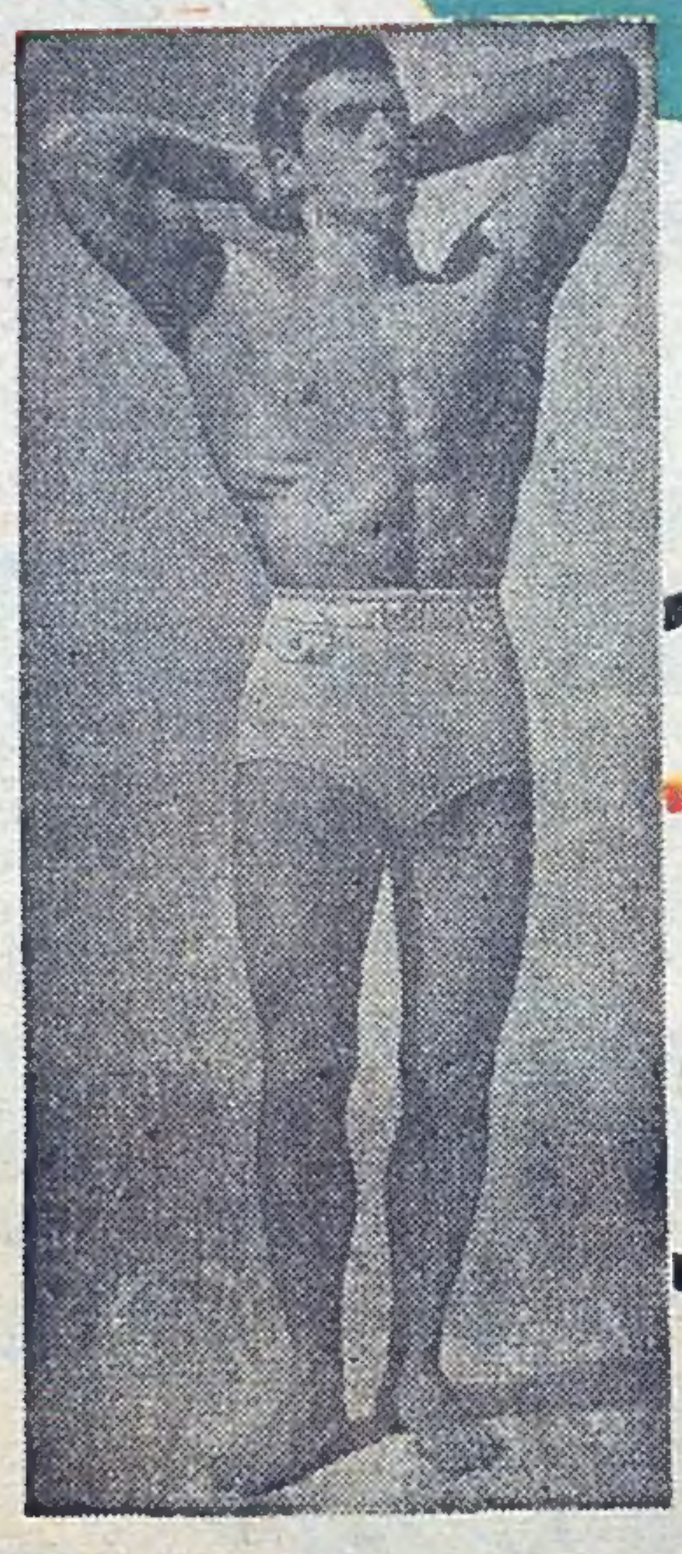
OH... BRIGHT, CLEAN WORLD! CAN WE KEEP IT FREE OF HORROR AND TERROR?

CAN WE? I WONDER...

IN A FEW DAYS, AS IN THE BEGINNING OF MAN'S WORLD, HUMAN BEINGS AGAIN DARE TO HOPE FOR HAPPY LIVES...

THE END

HE Mailed This Coupon



THOMAS MANFRE *Atlas Champion Cup Winner;* says "Look at me NOW! '*Dynamic Tension*' WORKS! I'm proud of the natural easy way you have made me an 'Atlas Champion'!"

CHARLES ATLAS
115 East 23rd St, New York 10, N. Y.
I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—gives me a healthy, body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."
Name THOMAS MANFRE
(Please print plainly)
43 ST

..and Here's the Handsome Prize-Winning Body I Gave Him!

THOMAS MANFRE saw my coupon. He clipped and mailed it. He got my free book and followed my instructions. He became a New Man.

CHARLES ATLAS
An untouched photo of Charles Atlas, winner and holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"I'll prove that you, too, can be a NEW MAN"—Charles Atlas

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I CAN broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE; I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling!

Only 15 Minutes a Day

"*Dynamic Tension!*" That's the ticket! The identical *natural* method that I myself developed to change by body from the skinny weakling I was at 17 to my present superman physique! Thousands are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way.

I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. You learn to develop your strength through "*Dynamic Tension.*" You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE. Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "*Dynamic Tension*" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

FREE BOOK "EVERLASTING HEALTH AND STRENGTH"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM to do. See what I can do for YOU. For a real thrill, send for this book today. AT ONCE. *CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 264-G 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.*

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 264-G
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "*Dynamic Tension*" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name_____ Age_____
(Please print plainly)

Address_____

City_____ Zone No. (if any)____ State_____

KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS WITH WARD'S FORMULA

NOTHING, *Absolutely nothing known to Science can do more to*

SAVE YOUR HAIR

SCALP ITCH
FALLING HAIR
DANDRUFF
HEAD ODORS
Proof!
We get letters like these every day from grateful men and women all over the world.

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all four* types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills these 4 types of germs that retard normal hair growth—*on contact*
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—*fast*
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—*quickly*
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—*instantly*
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—*within 3 seconds*

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